



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



"AGE BEFORE BEAUTY!"



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,

Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,  
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00  
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 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25  
 Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station  
 "A.") Draft, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter.  
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 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

50¢ INCLUDING POSTAGE.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE count of the late election in this city shows that out of two-hundred-and-eighteen-thousand men who voted, sixty-odd thousand voted for the most unreasonable demagogue that we have come across in many years. It does not, however, show that so many thousand were willing to vote for him. We speak of what is perfectly well-known and what is undeniable when we say that the larger part of Mr. George's vote was obtained by open and brutal coercion. Mr. George was the candidate of the labor-unions of this city, and every member of those labor-unions was obliged to vote for the union-candidate, on pain of expulsion and persecution. The man who "scabbed" at the polls, it was frankly announced, was to be boycotted. His work was to be taken from him, and his life was to be made miserable. When the hard-hearted employer does this sort of thing, it is Tyranny and Outrage. When a lot of walking-delegates do it, it is a spontaneous revolt of Labor against grinding Capital.

We are glad of the result, for one reason. It has brought out the entire strength of the untrustworthy element in this city, and has shown that it is in a hopeless minority; that there are enough conscientious men in this town to stand between us and anarchy. Every vote that could possibly go to Mr. George was cast for him; and although sixty thousand votes went to the third candidate, Mr. Hewitt was elected by a large and safe plurality. The one thing that this election clearly proves is that there are less than seventy thousand voters in New York who can be coaxed, wheedled or bullied into voting for the candidate of the anarchists. This is far from a bad showing, after years of trades-union tyranny and mismanagement. And the best of it is that the coerced element is not wholly composed of hopeless cowards. The men who voted under compulsion for Mr. George were the victims of a system of oppression so enormously powerful that it is hard to see how they could have revolted against it.

It can not be imagined that any hard-working laborer, who by industry and self-denial has laid up a few hundred dollars and bought him-

self a house and lot, would really desire to vote for a man whose one aim in life is to take that property away from him. If such a man voted for George, he voted so because he could not help it. This talk of coercion is no mere idle generality. When the workman went to the polls he found an officer of his union waiting for him. He was given the George ticket, he was watched to the door of the polling-place, and there the George inspector, we suppose, might have been trusted to see that he did not change his ballot. Then, and only then, his name was scratched off the list, and he was allowed to go home with the assurance that he would not be beggared, and that he might continue to work for his wife and his family without molestation, at such work as the union was pleased to allot to him, and at such wages as the union saw fit to decree that he should receive. It is not a fancy picture. Had the man exercised his rights as a citizen, and voted openly for Roosevelt or Hewitt, he would have been boycotted into beggary.

The great public has no idea of the scheme of espionage that is established in these unions. George was right when he compared their methods with those of the French Revolution. A hundred years ago, if Citizen Jacques spoke ill of Citizen Danton, or expressed his personal dislike of the guillotine, he was likely to be denounced and decapitated before the week was out. To-day, if John Jones, the workman, dares to criticize the actions of the walking-delegate who has him in charge, or to complain of any act of tyranny on the part of his union, he is reported, and fined or expelled quite as promptly. It is a beautiful state of things, and speaks volumes for the courage and independence of our working classes—as they will call themselves, even in this land where everybody works.

Such is the case of the unions which are managed by professional agitators and anarchist envoys. All unions are not built on this pattern. There is one, at least, which is an honor to the whole country. This is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which has just

## HINDSIGHT.



LAND REFORMER.—Hurrah for Hewitt!

PHILOSOPHER (in bed).—Why, you were hurrahing for George last week.

LAND REFORMER.—That is where I made my mistake. Maybe if I had started in earlier on Hewitt, we might have elected George.

had its great annual meeting in this city, under the leadership of Chief Arthur. If Mr. George would lull the conceit in his poor disturbed brain into an hour's slumber, and would go to Mr. Arthur and learn from him how and why that union was founded, and how its affairs are conducted, he might find out how he could really benefit the workman without selling him out to the anarchists and the inciters to disorder. But Mr. Arthur is a reasonable, honest and sensible man, at the head of a body of reasonable, honest and sensible men, and we fear his views would have very little effect on Mr. George. If all working-men were like the locomotive engineers, there would be an end of labor troubles, we are inclined to think.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK will appear the last week in November.

IT WILL CONTAIN four cartoons on social subjects, really elaborate and artistic in execution.

THE LETTER-PRESS will be of high literary merit, and will be illustrated with one hundred engravings, printed in soft, delicate shades of color.

NOTHING of the sort has ever been offered to the American public.

THE PRICE will be Thirty cents.

AND A SUPPLEMENT, printed in ten colors, the subject of which is certain to interest everybody, will go with

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.





## POETIC APPEAL.

"I want to have a little talk with you," said a long-haired young man.

"Very well," replied the man sitting in the editorial chair.

"I want to read you a poem."

"Go ahead."

So the poet read:

"Once a little yellow monkey  
With an opalescent eye,  
From a scarlet-fever baker  
Stole a sky-blue pumpkin-pie."

"Go ahead!"

"Now, that's just what I want to see you about. Do you think that a funny starter?"

"Capital; but let's hear the rest."

"There is n't any more," said the poet.

"But that is n't a poem as it stands. Why don't you finish it, before reading it to people?"

"Because I can't. That is my peculiarity as a poet. I can always get started first-rate, but can't finish."

"The pretty little Polly grabbed the pan of buckwheat batter,  
And poured it on the ringlets of the grandson of the hatter."

"How's that?"

"Charming, sir, charming."

"That's what all my friends say," remarked the poet: "they think that if I could finish it and keep up to that level, all the way through, I would soon secure a reputation. But I can't get through; after the allusion to the grandson's hatter, the idea breaks off. Here is another:

"I stood beside the ocean,  
And I heard the billows roar,  
Oh, nine and eight are seventeen,  
And eight is twenty-four;  
A mermaid from the billows  
Came forth with sprightly step  
And said: 'eat clams and oysters  
If you have got dyspep.'  
And then—"

The poet paused.

"Go ahead!" demanded his hearer.

"There is n't any more—"

"What do you mean by the 'And then'?"

"Don't know, but have often wondered. That is just where I happened to give out. Sometimes I break off on a letter, for instance:

"King Ludwig of Bavaria  
Was a happy man,  
Until he got malaria  
On the Jersey plan.  
B—"

"That's where I broke off; oh, it is awful. I can see a poem in almost anything, but I never can finish them, as I said before."

"That is really unfortunate," said the other: "but what can I do for you?"

"I will tell you. I would like to come on the paper as a poem-starter, for any of you can finish them up. Say, for instance, there is an earthquake in Bulgaria, and you want a timely lyric on it, you come to me, and I'll start you off with:

"It makes our endless mirth quake  
To read about Bulgaria;  
'Twas shaken by an earthquake,  
'Twas shaken by malaria.  
Wi—"

"Then you can finish it up to suit yourself."

"Suppose you wanted a rhyme for Boston?" asked the editor.

"There is no such word as Boston in the bright, rhyming dictionary of youth," replied

the poet: "but I could surmount that difficulty by stating:

"If you want a rhyme for Boston,  
Use the lantern called the Coston."

"Can you give me a rhyme for Rhadamanthus—"

"Alianthus!" screamed the poet, fairly cutting the editor short.

Just here a couple of men called the editor out, and whispered to him that his guest had escaped from Bloomingdale the night before. He was forcibly taken back, and that is how one paper came to lose one who was at once, in his way, an artist and a genius. R. K. M.

A CINCINNATI COLORED woman weighs seven hundred and thirty-three pounds, and the citizens are to have an indignation meeting because she wasn't born a hog.

A SON OF the inventor of the bowie-knife has just died in New York of consumption, thus showing his contempt for the old man's ingenuity.

SETH GREEN, in all probability, was born with a trolling-spoon in his mouth.

A CORRESPONDENT SUGGESTS that artistic barbers be called "polar stars."

NIGHT-KEYS, as a rule, have their hardest work to do in the morning.

THE MAN who is a sure-enough big gun rarely shoots his mouth off.

MANY A JOCKEY wins his laurels on the bays. Ha! ha! ha!

CONVICTS SHOULD be called bread-and-water winners.

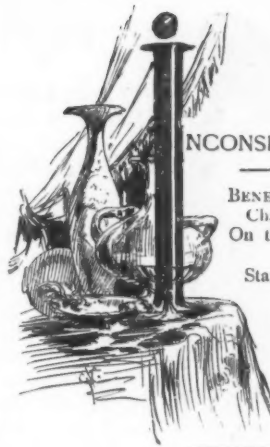
OF TWENTY-SEVEN thousand Hebrews who immigrated here last year, only twenty-seven were sent home as paupers. This will explain a great many failures in American business ventures, and will boost up the query as to how many of us would be sent back if there were any place to send us to.

MR. BLAINE says that a presidential election is like a game of billiards. Probably because there is so much "scratching" when he is up for election.

THERE ARE a good many wars in Europe; but they are all impending wars, and the carnage is trifling.

NOW THAT Liberty has fairly started in the business of enlightening the world, we trust that she won't give this country away too badly.

THERE IS a new brand of champagne in the market, bearing the name of Henry Irving. It ought to be Extra Dry.



## INCONSISTENCY.

BENEDICTINE, MARASCHINO,  
Chartreuse, Curacao,  
On the polished oaken side-  
board,  
Standing in a row.

See the Anisette, Kirsch-  
wasser!  
All the liquors scan;  
Is n't this a funny side-  
board  
For a temperance man?

It is suspected that the reason the Woman-Suffragists want to vote is, that they may personally inspect the interior of the barber-shop polling-places, and see whether the man's yarn of its taking two hours to get shaved is strictly true.

A BANGOR MAN, after accusing a local doctor of killing his child while under treatment, got a terrible revenge by blowing up the physician's office, involving a damage of sixteen dollars. The child is still dead.

GENERAL BOULANGER has ordered a series of paintings commemorative of the glorious achievements of the French army. That representing Sedan will be a thumb-nail sketch.

A YOUNG WOMAN in Newaygo County, Wis., who made fifty dollars picking blackberries last summer, set up a skull and cross-bones over her thrift by investing the money in a violin.

WE ARE given, by an agricultural exchange, a picture entitled: "A Device for Feeding Hogs." Every cheap restaurant in New York should have one.

## AT THE N. G. RIOT DRILL.



OFFICER.—What are you skulking here for? Why don't you join your company?

RECRUIT (*who in civil life lets Macy employ him*).—There's a m-man in the rear rank who k-kept singing out "cash!" every time I shifted my p-piece, and he got me all mixed up!



## BOUT EROSTRATUS.

I don't believe he did burn the Temple of Diana. I've asked him about it often, and he only looks at me in a quiet way that says louder than words:

"Do you really believe all the rot the historians tell you? Well, I'm sorry for you, that's all. Of course I didn't. It was struck by lightning; but the Ephesians were always such fools! They'd swallow anything those lying priests chose to tell them, and when they got to kicking up such a row about Jove's thunderbolts, and stuff like that, I said I'd set it on fire myself, just to make the priests look foolish. Historians never get things straight. Now, I could tell you a story, but—well—" and he contracts and expands his pupils reflectively for a moment, and then curls up and goes to sleep, and I never hear the story.

That's just like him. Erostratus never says much. He's not a talkative fellow. He's a cat.

He's awfully good-looking, too. Just yellow all over like a dandelion, and has about as good a figure as I ever saw.

He's no end of a good fellow, and thoroughly refined, and that—but there's one trouble he's got—he's not happily married. It was a sort of mésalliance, any way, and the only excuse is that he was very young when he did it, and he was awfully hot-headed and impetuous then, cool as he is now.

You know what Shakspeare says: "A young man married is a man that's marred." But Erostratus never went in for poetry much, and I suppose, probably, he never heard of that; and, besides, when you're young and live right in the house with a girl, and she's the only one, why, propinquity and that just makes you lose your head. You get fascinated, you see, by mere *beauté du diable*, and hurry right into marriage, never thinking of the want of community of taste, nor ever reflecting that the fairy form, now so sylph-like, has a good chance of getting scraggy.

Mrs. Atchison—that's his wife's name—hasn't much beauty left.

Her girlish freshness is a myth of the dim past. She's got a sort of tortoise-shell complexion, and she's awfully lean and "leggy."

He's of excellent family, himself, and a good deal of an aristocrat, but her tastes are low—horridly low. He lives on a cushion in the library, and she spends all her time in the kitchen.

They have never had any children—odd for cats, too—and so they seem to have mutually agreed not to get in each other's way.

Just to see them catch mice is enough to show the difference between them. Their manner of doing it is as different as their characters. Erostratus, of course, is only a *dilletante*, an amateur who hunts for the pleasure of the chase. After the most exciting encounters with fierce and gamey rats, he comes in carelessly, yawns a little, smooths down his moustaches, drops easily and gracefully on his cushion, examines his finger-nails attentively, and looks as if he were remarking that this sort of thing gives one a deuce of an appetite, by Jove!

Mrs. Atchison goes systematically on the war-path, actuated by nothing in this world but a low craving for fresh meat. Coming back all smirched and exhausted by her labors, she flings herself under the kitchen-stove, and positively *snores*. And when she wakes, she rolls up her sleeves, spits on her hands, and just yearns for the fray.

How do you suppose a fellow can be happy with a wife like that? It's an awfully sad case, I think.

Erostratus has a very affectionate nature, and he's the soul of honor; that's the reason he never thinks of getting a divorce, though there's incompatibility of temper enough, I'm sure. And as far as I have seen, he has never looked at another female—and I ought to know, because I've lived in the house with both of them since they were kittens.

Death's about the only thing that could help him—but what's the use of talking? Mrs. Atchison is as tough as a pine-knot. E. B.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has lectured in Buffalo on the "Law and Lawyers of New York." For an illustrated copy of this lecture, with charts, maps, compasses, crowbars, marginal and explanatory notes, and a history of the Field family from the time it was simply a cow-pasture to the present moment, we refer our readers to our esteemed contemporary, the *Mail and Express*.

THE PICTURE of Fanny Davenport, as displayed on the elevated stations, reminds us strongly of our maternal grandmother, and a very nice old lady our maternal grandmother is, too.

THE BUTTER-FISH is a denizen of the saline deep. If he were a native of inland waters, the chances are he would be an oilymargarine fish.

## UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED.



"Ha, Mister Chones, dis vos a golt day, aind it? Come to dake dot ofergoat owd, eh?"

"Not to day, Levi, not to-day. I've been buying some sure tips on the races. What 'll you gimme on a vest?"

IT is popularly believed that Florida is noted principally for hog and hominy. We now learn, however, that a number of plantations are being planted with castor-beans, with a view to starting a castor-oil industry down there. No more beautiful picture of the perfect peace and harmony existing between the North and South could be found than that of the bitter old Johnny Reb sitting down to a meal of pork and castor-beans.

THE *American Angler* prints an article on "Central Park as a Public Fishing Ground." We should think it would be a good idea to convert the park into a fishing-ground, as it would then be an easy matter to find the policemen when wanted.

SOME OF the New York dailies publish their flood-tide circulation. If they would also publish their ebb-tide circulation, the public would know what a mighty flow rolls in between.

A KANSAS CITY bootblack has recently located in Louisville, and the *Courier-Journal* is showing a disposition to blow about the city's increasing circulation.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

LONGFELLOW WHITTIER DANTE BINKS, Esq.

Sir: Your poem caused tears as big as horse-chestnuts to surge down our cheeks until we came to the locality where you rhymed "irrelevant" with "elephant." We trust that the next time you feel like doing any such literary homicide, you will try to do better. This is n't rhetoric, and it don't rhyme with "basket;" but you may rest on the eider-down side of the fact that your poem does.

Respectfully, PUCK.

## HIS FAREWELL TOOT.



THE summer is over,  
No roses or clover  
Are blowing all fragrant with June;  
Oh, this is November,  
And I must remember  
To tra la la my last tune.

In a ball I'll soon huddle,  
Beneath the mud-puddle,  
Where blow the slim cat-tail and flag,  
And then I'll be sleeping  
All day and not leaping  
To dodge the old pot-hunter's bag.

I'll cook in the middle  
Of no scorching griddle,  
If I do it will be my own fault;  
Now, good-bye for winter,  
Head first I go "inter"  
The pond with a wild somersault.



## TO THE MAN IN THE BASSWOOD MASK.

Care LARS SVENSEN KRCH,  
24 St. Minnehaha Ave.,  
(Over Jijensen and Gilbranson's.) MINNEAPOLIS.



## SCANDINAVIAN SIR:

Your wide-open letter on my report of the Minneapolis Art Exposition shall at once receive my joyous attention. Instead of acknowledging my errors and faults in detail, I shall choose the course of confessing them at once and *in toto*. You will have no idea what *in toto* means, and mortification will be spared me. *Moi, j'avais tort. Voyez mes l'rmes.*

Let this bold defiance be hurled in your teeth! It is true that I vilified deeds, traits, characteristics of yours which I should have revered. How I misunderstood you! You sat on a middle bench in the gallery, and littered crumbs—I did not appreciate the nobility of the action; you stood before Brown's pictures and yelled "Bowen!" and I thought you different from Ruskin; you made no captious distinctions between paint and painting, and I set this down to your discredit; you brushed the crumbs from your lap, and went home—I laughed you to scorn, and after you were gone, I called you a Goth, and you were a refined and classic Swede.

How could I have been so purblind?

You note, Scandinavian Sir, that I frankly answer you—that I take no advantage of your anonymity. To some the withholding of your name might seem indicative of a certain faint-heartedness which would make you an unworthy foe. But it does not seem so to me. Not at all. I can easily imagine a thousand noble reasons for your refusing your name: thus, you feel that you owe something to your family, or your name is especially Scandinavian and you are ashamed of it, or you haven't any name, or—but any solution is more plausible than the foolish one which founds itself on your lack of courage. Courage is what you abound in. If you possessed the courage of your convictions—merely of your convictions—you would have a vast amount, and the police-court record would show it.

After honoring the Art Exposition to an enormously high degree by the thoroughly happy device of saying nothing about it, you occupy a great deal of space very profitably in a description of myself. Your work is perfect. In fact, you have described me so well that I shall no longer need a mirror even to shave by; but did you notice that you gave an even more vivid description of yourself? You have China blue eyes (flat and weak); a red face, if the front of your head can be dignified by that term; and yellow whiskers which unite with your hair and an old fur cap to form a wild frowsy something which fortunate Adam was never called upon to name. And shall I say your whiskers are "spotty?" Such winning frankness as yours merits equal frankness in return: your whiskers *are* spotty, they are very spotty. They make your face look like a half decapillated coon-skin.

But what is beauty? What is it at the best? You say you have never had any occasion to find out. Very true. I will tell you: Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good, a shining gloss that fadeth sud-

denly. Therefore, my Swedish friend, be not envious of beauty. Under your bonfire and *cheval de frise* of hair and whisker, and under about two inches of jealous, protecting skull, lies your brain. Think of that. Remember that though some people are your superiors, by our arbitrary standards of comeliness, they may have no brain at all, while you have fully twice as much, and are not so ugly but that you may live many years.

What a creation you are! I rejoice in your existence. How glad I am that I called attention to you as you were disapproving of Nero in the statuary hall; for now others may rejoice with me. You are the very sort of man for the wild spot you inhabit. Nature is wise. Sometimes her tools are coarse, sometimes they are fine, but they are always appropriate to the work. She uses toads to catch flies, and snakes to catch toads; she does not employ the diamond to cut through rough rock and soil for river-ways, nor did she appoint roses and lilies to beautify the reeking earth in the era of coal.

Ah, Nature is wise, and she has put you in the wild West to help on her "increasing purpose"—to catch Indians, to hew and hack, and dig and delve, and to tramp down with your ponderous feet the too soft soil—and all in order that the wild West may be made habitable for a higher grade of human beings by-and-by.

So, keep on with your work, my Scandinavian friend. Put yourself in harmony with Nature, and she will make you dig and delve, and carry and fetch, and hump yourself generally, until your part in her great scheme is accomplished. Then Nature will snuff you out, and on the first of May following, a higher form of life will move in and take your place.

But trust all to Nature. It was she who made you write your wide-open letter, the purpose of

## EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.



An irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum.

"But I tell you, Madam," protests the attendant: "that the editor is too ill to talk to any one to-day."

"Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the talking."

which was to show to outside peoples that Minnesota is not yet ripe.

And in return for the good you are doing, I will suggest a few things that may lighten some of your labors, and dispel some of your discomforts. It is unnecessary that you burden your mind, as you seem to have done, with ancient, stale jests on Englishmen; they are a people whom it would be mere vain vexation for you to try to understand. There is no law in equity compelling a disclosure of your intimate acquaintance with fifty-cent hotels, nor of your provincial admiration of houses charging five dollars a day for room and board.

You seem a little sore, yet, on the subject of grammar, but this, with a longer residence in the country, and with the gradual discovery that you can not learn anything about grammar or anything else, will wear away. Still, even a red-faced Swede should know that it is not proper to speak of "beneficent effects;" just as even a spotty-whiskered Norwegian should know that the expression, "two cityfuls of people," is entirely correct.

To conclude with a word of advice:

It is said by weather-mongers that when a Scandinavian's whiskers grow long and unusually hideous, it is a sign of a hard winter. From what I remember of you, I imagine that the coming winter will be especially rigorous. You had better crawl into your hole.

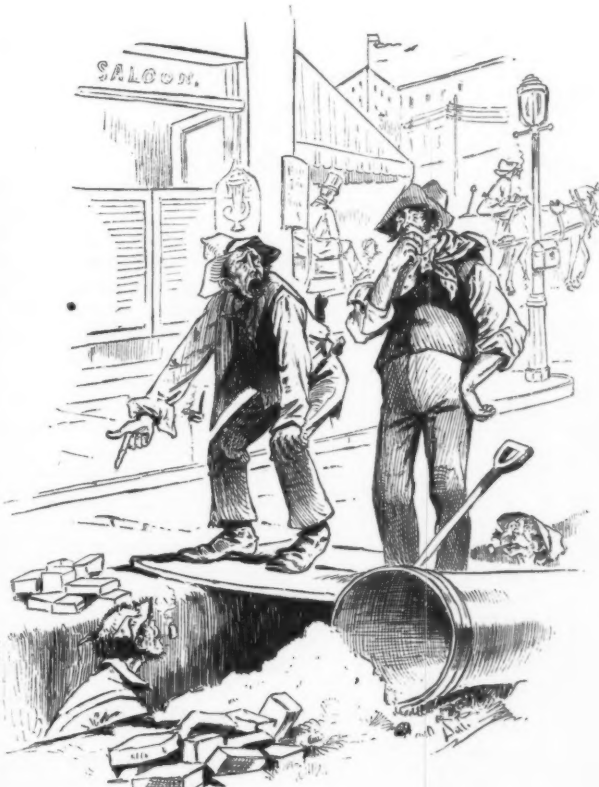
WILLISTON FISH.

No MORE the ringing echo  
Through the fancy-trimming store,  
No more the sluggard children slowly dash.

Some Gould has rigged a railroad  
From the spud-box to the door,  
And you miss the merry clamor of the "cash!"

AN ITEM in the *Telegram*: "Umpire and Mrs. Quest will winter in Detroit," leads us to desperation, and we despairingly announce that "Book-keeper and Mrs. Jones will spring in Kalamazoo."

## AN ACCIDENT.



FOREMAN (who has been across the street).—For th' love av hivin, byes, how manny len'ths av poipe did yez lay phwile Oi wuz gettin' me dhrop o' beer?

ASSISTANT.—T'ree, sor, fifteen fate each.

FOREMAN.—Troth, thin me coat is buried jist forty-foive fate oop th' strate. Oi lift it toocked in th' poipe fer safety.

# DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

NOT BY A LONG SHOT—The Game Secured With a Short-Range Rifle.

CROSSED IN LOVE—The Suspenders Your Girl Makes You.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD—New York and Philadelphia.

A HARD RUB—Up and Down the Wash-board.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL—A Wood-Cut.

THE WIFE'S ANTE—"Putting Up" Preserves.

A RIGHT-HAND MAN—Dominick McCaffrey.

ALL PUT ON—The Actresses' Complexion.

THE BLACK MARIA—The Cat Next Door.

HOW TO GET AHEAD—Go to Bed Tight.

OUT OF THE QUESTION—The Answer.

A COURSE OF SPROUTS—The Salad.

THE OLD, OLD STORY—Chestnut.

HEAD-WORK—Bonnets.

SCORE ONE—Twenty.

THE FROST eats all the flowers  
Close to the leaf-strewn sod,  
And now we have for breakfast  
The luscious Thomas Cod.  
Sometimes called the frost-fish.

HE DIDN'T WANT ANY.

JOHNNY, who was told to keep away from the jam, ate so much that it made him sick.  
"Now," says mama: "to punish you for disobeying me, you shan't have any jam for supper."

NOT EXACTLY SCARED, BUT CAUTIOUS.



CONDUCTOR.—Tickets!  
NATIVE (from Wayback County, taking his first train-ride).—You'll find it in my inside vest-pocket, mister, if you'll reach for it; I d—don't jest exactly like to leggo!

THE SOCIETY COLUMN in a daily paper mentions that "Messrs. Isaac Dinkelspiel, Abe Oppenheim, Louis Seeberger, Moses Meinhardt and Jacob Rosenstein were guests at a wedding," and then takes up some more valuable space in its market reports to say that "the white goods trade was very dull yesterday."

## BENEFIT OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

MERCHANT.—You want a place in my dry-goods store?

YOUNG MAN.—Yes, sir.

MERCHANT.—Well, I will give you the first opportunity when there is a vacancy.

YOUNG MAN.—I might add, sir, that I'm a college-graduate.

MERCHANT.—Why didn't you say so at first? I want you right away. You're probably educated right up to my business.

## A NEGLECTED TOILER.

I AM not a Knight of Labor, although I have to toil,  
I am not a mechanic, nor a tiller of the soil;  
I can not drive a horse-car, nor do any heavy work,  
I can not paint nor lay a brick, I merely am a clerk.

I don't get in the papers, in a poem or a song,  
As a poor down-trodden fellow who has suffered grievous wrong;

I have n't any Brotherhood to help me when I'd shirk,  
I'm merely a nonentity, a city office-clerk.

I like to dress with decency, I wash my face and hands,  
Though that is counted as a crime by most of labor hands;  
I do not want to kill Jay Gould with dynamite or dirk,  
He's welcome to his money, and I'd like to be his clerk.

I know enough to write my name in a fairish sort of way,  
(They used to hang the folks for that when Jack Cade had his day.)

I try to speak correctly, although here and there may lurk  
An error in my English—I am but an office-clerk.

I don't believe I ought to have what other men have earned,

(I'd keep it if I got it, though, as far as that's concerned.)  
I like to spend my money, and I don't object to work,  
I wish I was a millionaire, and not an office-clerk.

For Henry George or Powderly, I have n't any love,  
I don't dislike a man because he carries cane or glove;  
I'd rather be a King, or Czar, or Ruler of the Turks,  
Than a "Horny-Handed Son of Toil," and so say all the clerks. G. L. C.

THE SOCIETY for the Prevention of Profanity gave up its charter and disbanded in discouragement when Carter Harrison's verbal reasons for declining to visit St. Louis were repeated.

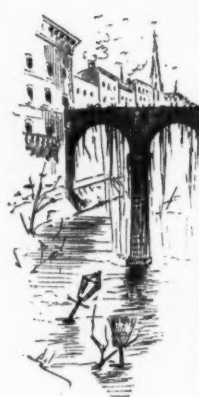
TUXEDO PARK has had \$1,300,000 spent on it, and now that Mrs. James Brown Potter is going to France for an indefinite period, there is a rumor that it is to be sold for what it will bring.

THERE is a degree of uniformity, so to speak, in the marriage of Miss Flannelly, of Chicago, to a policeman named Buttons.

It is said Ruskin will soon be well enough to finish his life. We don't altogether believe in suicide, but—

## OUR BROOKLYN BULLETIN.

ECHOES FROM THE DIRTIEST AND HIGHEST TAXED CITY IN THE UNION.



HERE WAS an awful fight on Putnam Avenue the other day between a beaver and a muskrat. The muskrat, it seems, tried to take possession of the beaver's house, to which the latter objected. The muskrat was killed, and it was some minutes before the mud-hens in the vicinity stopped squawking and flapping their wings.

A MAN WITHOUT legs recently tried to join a Brooklyn regiment in order that he might be exempt from taxation after serving his time.

A MAN ON Gates Avenue was recently bitten by a wild boar who was wallowing about just near the corner of Washington Avenue.

AS THE mud on Bedford Avenue is now about three feet deep, and of the consistency of melted butter, an enterprising individual has started a snow-shoe establishment. It is believed that suitable prizes will shortly be offered for an open tournament. We think mud-scow races should also be included.



WILLOUGHBY STREET is now so muddy that a New York restaurateur has made a bid for it. He says if he can get it at a reasonable figure, he is going to start a snapping-turtle farm.



A SARCASTIC NEW YORKER who tried to live on Schermerhorn Street, so that the detectives would not find him, after one week of it came here and surrendered himself. He says Brooklyn is a veritable muddle.

NO MAN in Brooklyn keeps a white horse, and we know one man with a swell residence on Clinton Avenue who has only black swans wandering about the place.

A CERTAIN LIBRARY on Vanderbilt Avenue can not supply the demand for Dickens's "Mudfog Papers."

A DREDGER HAS been at work on Myrtle Avenue for the past week, and now men can venture out in rubber boots instead of traveling on stilts, as formerly.

A CIRCUS PROCESION lately took place in boats on Classon Avenue. It was composed of gondolas and canal boats.

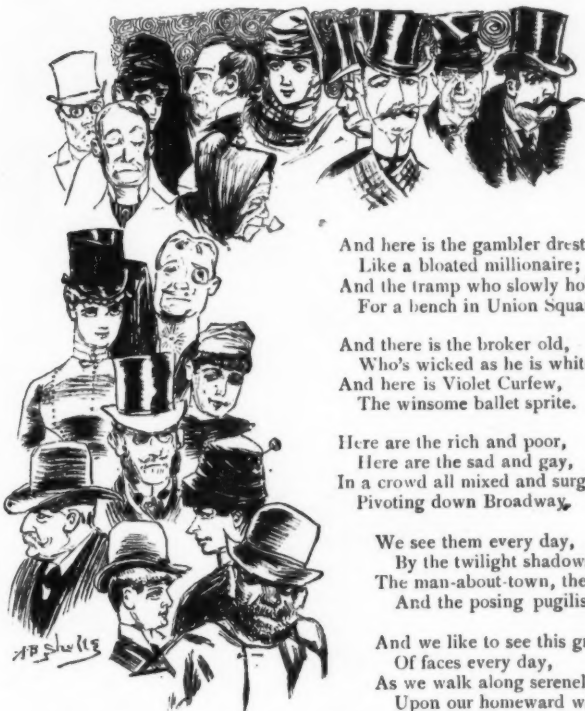




## AT FIVE, P. M.

As homeward we walk Broadway,  
At four or five o'clock,  
We see this group of faces,  
On almost every block.

We see in his new high hat,  
And English clothes, the swell;  
We see style's latest wrinkles  
On the bewitching belle.



And here is the gambler drest  
Like a bloated millionaire;  
And the tramp who slowly hobbles  
For a bench in Union Square.

And there is the broker old,  
Who's wicked as he is white;  
And here is Violet Curfew,  
The winsome ballet sprite.

Here are the rich and poor,  
Here are the sad and gay,  
In a crowd all mixed and surging,  
Pivoting down Broadway.

We see them every day,  
By the twilight shadows kist,  
The man-about-town, the clubman,  
And the posing pugilist.

And we like to see this group  
Of faces every day,  
As we walk along serenely  
Upon our homeward way;

For when we are going up and they are coming down,  
We know we are near our fireside, and a dinner warm and brown.

## TRUTH WAS HIS GUIDING STAR.

THE other morning a man with long hair, a cloak, and a soft hat that had never been brushed, stepped on the train at Rosedale, and dropped into the seat in front of me. There was another man in the seat, looking out of the window, and he turned and accosted the artist, whom he seemed to know pretty well.

"You are just the man I want to see," said the merchant: "I am about to buy a few pictures, and I want to get a little advice from you." The artist "would be too pleased," etc.

"Well, to begin with," said the merchant: "I don't want a picture by any inferior man, and as I don't know much about the relative merits of the various members of your guild, I want to ask you some questions about them."

"I will be only too happy to answer," replied the painter.

"Well, now to begin with, I am going to get a marine to hang in the dining-room over the mantel-piece, and I thought of having a Yancy Biggins. I have heard a great deal in favor of and against Mr. Biggins. One man told me that his surfs are so woolly that he would be a grand success as a sheep painter."

"Yancy Biggins paints an ocean that annihilates catarrh. If I required salt air for my health, I'd purchase a Biggins. Nobody can touch him in that line. If I could swing a brush with half the skill of Biggins, I should be happy," said the artist.

"Then I shall purchase his Near Easthampton," replied the merchant. Now, I want a nice, quiet, dreamy, midsummer scene of a huge oak overhanging a babbling brook, with rye-fields and flotillas of cloud-ships lying around loose in the west, and a white cow with red spots looking up as though startled, with water dripping off her nose. What do you think—Flanagan Flanagan for that?"

"Fine!"

"I am glad you like him. I heard one man say that his cows all point their tails in the same direction, and that he never paints but one picture, and rings the changes on it by reversing the position of the clouds, and having the cow drinking."

"That's all wrong," replied the artist: "I have heard people say that Flanagan Flanagan has a tin soul, a *papier-maché* understanding, and no feeling, but I wish I could paint half as well as he does. It is a falsehood to state, as some people do, that he uses a stencil-plate on the canvas and paints over the cracks. He is the champion cow-boy of the brush. The reason I never paint cows is that I am afraid to attempt anything in that line after looking upon the living master-pieces of this same Flanagan Flanagan."

The merchant made a note of this, and continued:

"How is Blatherdale de Vere on still life; some such thing, for instance, as a bunch of grapes lying on a Sèvres plate, the latter resting on a piece of cardinal velvet?"

"Charming, charming! Blatherdale de Vere's soul is a vineyard filled with luscious fruits. He is the Anacreon of the brush, and his work is always a true representation of the artist's great handmaid and model, Nature. He once painted a pair of quail on a panel, and they looked so much like quail that his Irish setter came in the room, saw them, and remained on a point several minutes. I never realize how small and insignificant I am until I stand rapt before a Blatherdale De Vere; for then I feel like laying down the brush forever and turning my attention to agricultural pursuits."

"I shall get a Blatherdale De Vere, then," said the merchant, as he wrote the name down: "I only wanted your endorsement of him. I heard a man say the other day that his apples made him think that Blatherdale De Vere had formerly been employed at rolling worsted into balls, and that his oranges were made with a compass and looked like croquet-balls. But, now that you say he is all right, I shall certainly buy one of his pictures. Now, I want some kind of a figure-piece. What do you think of H. Marbury Briggs as a figure-painter?"

"Oh, capital, capital, he has a deathless touch. His is the genuine fire of genius. He is a poet, and has a soul-full of music. I would gladly travel ten miles on crutches in the hot sun any day for a moment's glimpse of one of his masterly performances. And if I could paint half as well as he I should be the happiest man on earth."

"I have heard," replied the merchant: "that his flesh looks like zinc, and that he sprinkles pink tooth-powder on his subjects before the faces and hands are quite dry to get a natural tint. Why, the man who told me said that he also used a comb on the hair, and that he laid fabrics over the clothing he painted before they were dry, and removed them afterward, to get their peculiar texture. I was also told that he used a compass in making the legs on a bow-legged man, and a ruler, invariably, in making eyes. And I was also told that a painting of his, of a celebrated Socialist, was rejected at the last Salmagundi."

"A picture of a Socialist?"

"Yes."

"And on what grounds did you hear it was refused?"

"On the ground that no Socialist could be truly depicted in a wash-drawing."

"Don't you believe all you hear," said the artist.

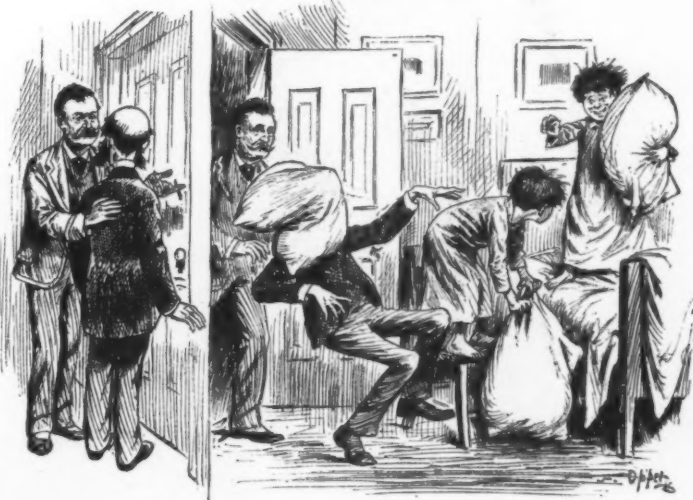
"I think I prefer one of your figure paintings to Mr. Briggs's; have you one for sale?"

"I have," replied the artist: "but I won't sell it while you can get a Briggs. I am not fit to paint in the same State with the immortal Briggs. If you want a fine picture, get a Briggs, and don't touch mine with a forty-foot pole while there is a Briggs in the market. Also, don't think that I lack self-esteem, or imagine that I am a failure. But Truth is my guiding star, and that is why I say, down with myself and up with Briggs, who can paint all around me blindfolded."

The merchant decided to buy a Briggs. The artist got off at Jersey City, and I could n't help thinking, as I walked to the ferry-boat, what a happy world this would be if the members of every other profession or calling loved each other as dearly, and had as much respect for each other's talents, as have the great army of pictorial artists.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A LITTLE TOO SOON.



FOND FATHER (to friend).—I want you to see my twin-boys, old fellow. They're asleep, now; they look like a couple of angels when they're asleep; step right into the bed-room!

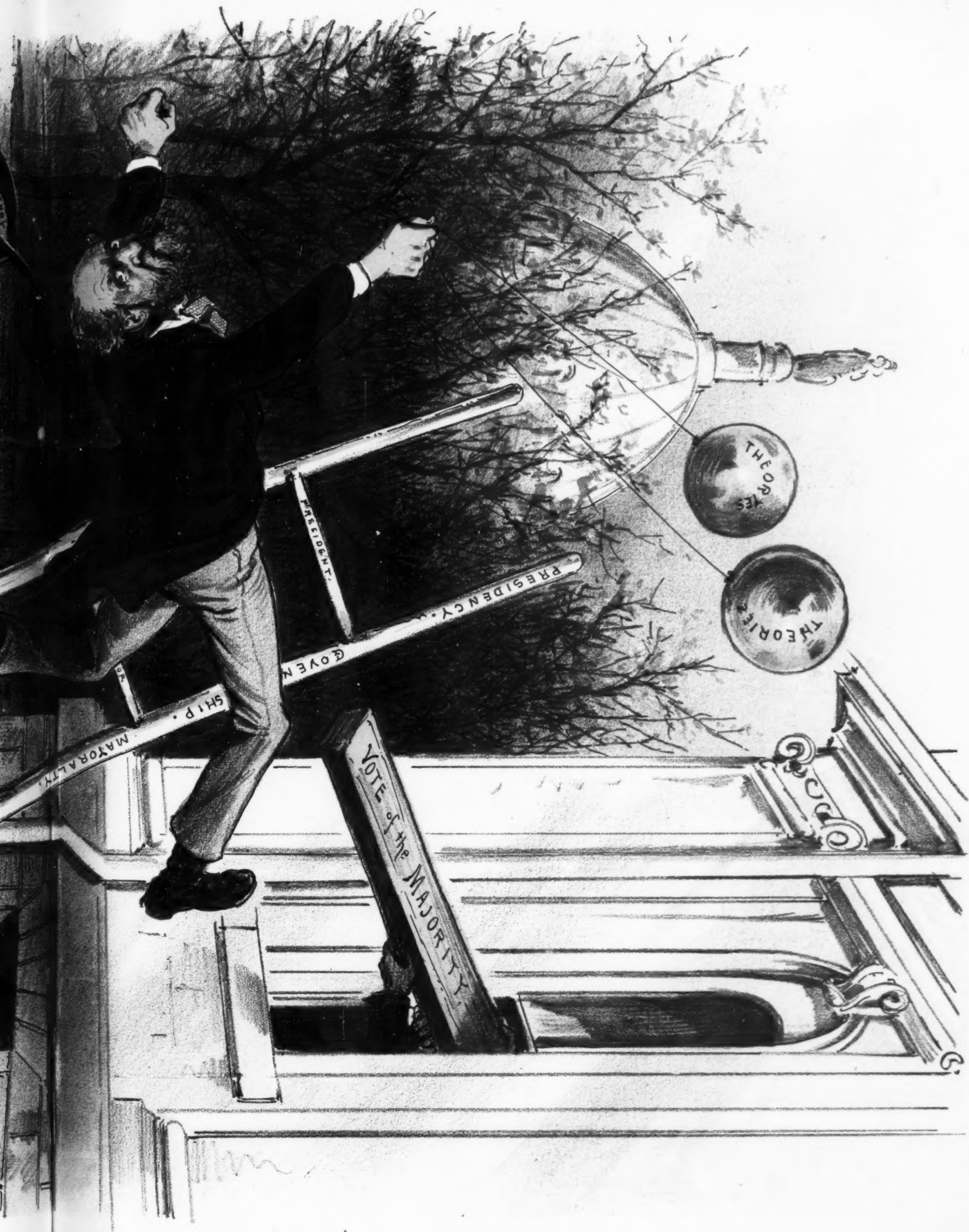
The boys were not exactly asleep, however; in fact they were right in the middle of their usual nine o'clock pillow-fight.



TAKING A TUMBLE.



PUCK.



## THE HORSE-SHOW.

SPECIAL BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.



[LEARNING that in the distribution of prizes at the horse-show, the judges had been guilty of gross favoritism and crass ignorance, PUCK at once dispatched its agricultural editor, with special instructions to ascertain and describe what horses had been overlooked or slighted. His report, stripped of the verbiage for which such articles are famous, is given below.—EDITOR.]

No. 981.—Mike, ch. h., sired by Patsy, dam Bridget. This is one of the finest Boulevard roadsters in the show, and should have had a first prize. He was raised in Henry Hart's stables on Third Avenue, and is the best in that gentleman's great stud of three thousand horses. The qualities which distinguish that famous collection are exemplified here to a marked degree. He is a very moderate eater, not consuming more than a pint of oats daily. His osseous system is splendidly developed, the exquisite curves of the vertebrae being clearly visible. Mike is well broken-in, and very intelligent. If while he is walking, you raise your finger neck high, he bursts into a hard run, and can not be stopped inside of at least two blocks. He can fall heavily upon his fore-knees with seeming impunity. He is regarded as a prize-animal by all the city-railroad magnates.

No. 1134.—Alice 3, br. m. 6 yrs., by Break-

away, out of Devastation, is a fine mother-in-law horse. She is handsome, docile, and neither cribs, bites nor kicks. Driven by a man, she is kind and gentle. Driven by a woman, she is warranted to shy, even without provocation, and to run away and break to pieces the vehicle to which she is harnessed. The reason why Alice 3 was overlooked by the judges lies undoubtedly in the fact that all of them are unmarried. She is much admired by members of the Union League and Benedict Clubs.

No. 1139.—Dictator, bl. h., 8 yrs., is bred exclusively for the Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill trade, and can not fail to attract attention. He is large, fat and showy. His mane is carefully trimmed, and his tail docked in the latest English style. As he has no pedigree, and can neither run, trot, amble, pace nor jump, he can be profitably sold at \$100; and when harnessed by the buyer to a heavy drag or London Clarence can not be distinguished from a \$2,000 horse, except by an expert. Dictator was sold ten minutes after the exhibition opened, and his breeder has already received more orders than his stud can supply.

No. 1170.—Patsy Bolivar, b. h., 6 yrs., by Maneater, out of Terror, deserves special mention as an animal that will always be a favorite with auctioneers. He is handsome, brilliant and speedy. Advertised as "a spirited horse that should be driven only by a first-class horseman," he will readily bring from \$800 to \$1,000 from any member of the *jeunesse dorée*. As he cribs, bites, kicks, shies and has an unconquerable ambition to either climb backwards into his wagon, or to kill his driver, he will be invariably returned the next day after his sale, and sold back at a very heavy discount. He will be sold Saturday at the Yorkville Tattersalls.

No. 1211.—John Calvin, g. g., 9 yrs., by Smuggler, out of Flora Temple. A superb road-horse for ministers, physicians, undertakers, and other professionals who dislike the reputation of keeping fast horses. John Calvin is of a quiet, respectable gray color, docile and easy disposition, and eminently professional appearance. His natural gait is a slow walk or a leisurely trot. If whipped, however, he changes his speed instantaneously, and then is warranted to do a mile in first-class style in 2:19. It is believed that he has been sold, as the breeder refused several very handsome offers for the animal on the last two days of the show; but declined to name the buyer.

No. 1232.—Lulu Darling, br. m., 19 yrs. old, by Gentle Willie, out of Mamie Dear, is an ideal gift from a father to his nervous daughter, or from a young gentleman to his fiancée. The mare's diet consists of sugar, sponge-cake, chocolate caramels, boutonnières, ladies' fingers, oranges, bananas and Bartlett pears. It follows the possessor of these like a dog, and was never known to do anything but eat, walk and sleep. Her breeder warrants her unable to run, jump, bite or kick as long as she is properly fed. Her only vice is a strong desire to lie down at noon and take a nap. This she has done twice in harness.

No. 1281.—Bricktop, w. m., 25 yrs., pedigree uncertain, is one of the best peddler's horses ever exhibited in the United States. It is cadaverous, is bald in prominent places, has lost nearly all its

## AN UNWORTHY WAGER.



A dispute arose between two Spruce Street news-boys, and the usual argument was resorted to.

"I'll bet yer fi' cents!" shouted one.

"Fi' cents!" repeated the other, expectorating disdainfully, but copiously: "Fi' cents! W'y, I wud-dent put me hand in me pocket fer fi' cents!"

tail and mane, weeps from both eyes, and will not stand up unless supported between shafts. Its general appearance is exceedingly pathetic, and can not fail to excite the sympathies of all beholders.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JAY JAY LAWRENCE,  
per WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

WILLARD SPENSER, the composer of "The Little Tycoon," says: "I claim direct lineal descent from Edmund Spenser, the immortal author of the 'Faerie Queen.'" From the bitter hatred which this statement indicates, one might almost think that the great Spenser was the composer's mother-in-law.

A NEW YORK broker has found on a Virginia battle-field, a mouldy cap with a bullet-hole through it. He thinks that it belonged to a Confederate soldier, but we are of the opinion that it is the last one that Mr. Evarts shot, prior to buying his present new hat in 1861.

## VER THUS.

The church-fair soon will blossom  
In every country town,  
And Maud behind the counter  
Will sit in silken gown.

And sell you red pin-cushions,  
And shaving-cases, too,  
And empty claret bottles  
Trimmed up with ribbons blue.

She'll charm you with her tender  
Smile and fairy laugh,  
And sell you for ten dollars  
Some pretty little frivolity of a trinket that she made with her own sweet hands at home at an actual outlay of precisely  
One dollar and a half.



LADY (in drug-store).—Have you any postage-stamps?

CLERK (coldly).—No, Ma'am.

LADY.—I am sorry. You may give me a nickel's worth of gum Arabic.

CLERK.—Yes, Ma'am.

LADY.—And a nickel's worth of postage-stamps.

CLERK (warmly).—Yes, Ma'am. Two twos and a one?





A LEAF FROM FLAUBERT—AND FROM MEMORY.

ANOTHER morning dawned. The sun was like a huge globule of gore, and bathed the landscape in a purple tint. The Barbarians had suffered defeat, but were not conquered. Having repaired their catapults, they conceived a frightful mode of warfare. They charged their war-engines with all kinds of refuse, and fired it into the streets of Carthage, causing great gobs of gloom and unfathomable terror among the inhabitants. Heavy Congressional debates on the tariff question were hurled into the besieged city. These were followed by silver-tressed jokes and rejected spring poetry hurriedly snatched from the waste-basket of the comic papers. The howls of the affrighted people curdled milk. A London *Times* editorial of three-column calibre, fired from a catapult, demolished the iron temple of Chinchinuff. An italicized pun from an English comic weekly pierced the parapet through and through.

Ham Ilkar, the father of Sal Ambo, was in despair. His forces showed signs of weakening. He collected the spring poetry and threatened to have it read to all those who talked of surrender. Murmurs of discontent immediately ceased, and the Carthaginians fought like demons. Men were so suddenly deprived of life that they did not know they were dead, and continued to hurl their spears ten minutes after the vital spark had fled. Two soldiers, pinned together with a long spear, walked along like the Siamese twins. Mat Ho, the leader of the Mercenaries, was a holy terror on wheels. Single-handed and alone he surrounded regiment after regiment, and thousands went down before his terrible battle-axe. He lopped off a head here, a leg there, and an arm elsewhere.

Night fell. Twenty thousand Barbarians had already fallen. Mat Ho had obliterated ten thousand Carthaginians, and felt weary, but, before retiring, he went around to the blacksmith-shop and had his trusty battle-axe re-ground and tempered anew. The battle was renewed next morning, and Mat Ho's forces were defeated.

Ham Ilkar sent Nar Havas back to Carthage to carry the news of his victory. Havas first sought Sal Ambo. He found her in the garden, sitting beneath a yum-yam tree. Azure-plumed gulguls warbled sweetly in the branches overhead; light-footed burloos pranced across the coral walks; odors from bowers of tangled wizenwurt filled the air; and Sal Ambo turned her head toward Nar Havas with a far-away look in her eyes. She was thinking of Mat Ho, the Barbarian, who had once vowed in impassioned language that he loved her.

Nar Havas took a seat on an ottowotto at her feet, and regaled her with stories of carnage and woe. Her eyes glowed with delight when he described how a Barbarian was split wide-open with a battle-axe. She was thrilled with pleasurable excitement when he pictured how the war-elephants mashed thousands of the enemy as flat as wafers.

Finally, she grew weary of his war-talk, and suddenly interrupted him with:

"Oh, send the rest of it to the *Century*."

Then he told her how he loved her. He said if he had to love

either the sun that shone in the heavens or the daughter of Ham Ilkar, the sun would have to go. Sal Ambo breathed hard. The cloud of fluffy illusion rose and fell on her bosom like the billows of the ocean. For a long time Nar Havas and Sal Ambo gazed at each other in silence. Then the lover put on his hat for the seventh time, and said: "Well, I guess I must go."

An hour later he went.

The Carthaginians were delirious with joy. Mat Ho was a prisoner within the walls. Peace had returned. Everybody was surcharged with exceeding happiness, save Sal Ambo, and Mat Ho. Sal was to be married to Nar Havas, and Mat Ho was to be tortured to death to enliven the wedding festivities. Punishments somewhat dissimilar, but both lingering. Various modes of torture were suggested. One proposed that the Barbarian be made to ride through the streets on a camel.

Mat Ho heard it and shuddered.

The proposition to make light of his misery by inserting in his body wicks steeped in oil, and converting him into a living candelabrum was rejected as being too humane. It was finally decided to let each person exercise his or her own ingenuity in devising a torture.

The ceremonies were about to commence. Sal Ambo was borne upon a litter from the palace and seated on a throne in the temple. She was more gorgeously arrayed than a modern society drama. A mad, tumultuous howl arose from the crowd. The door of the prison opened, and a bent and tottering object descended the steps of the Acropolis.

It was Mat Ho.

He was not handsome. His struggles to break his chains forced his eye-balls out on his cheeks. Women tore his flesh with their long finger-nails. Children pulled out handfuls of his hair. A battle-axe descended, and one arm was lopped off. A Carthaginian, more fiendish than the others, played the Scotch bag-pipes close to his ear. Another wield of a battle-axe, and the other arm disappeared.

Mat Ho moved on.

The terrible axe was again wielded, and both his legs were mowed off. Mat Ho appeared to be in pain. He slowly proceeded toward the temple, suffering a dozen deaths at each step. He reached the foot of the terrace. Suddenly his eyes feasted on the beauty of Sal Ambo.

At the same instant, Sal Ambo saw Mat Ho.

One, a repulsive creature, maimed and dripping with gore.

The other, a resplendent being, shimmering in jewels. But Sal Ambo saw only Mat Ho, the hero. The sight of the daughter of Ham Ilkar inspired Mat Ho with new life. The Carthaginians, in hewing off his arms and legs, had unwittingly freed him of his chains. With one supreme effort, and a cry that loosened the roof of the palace, Mat Ho dashed to the side of Sal Ambo, and hoarsely whispered in her ear: "Come!"

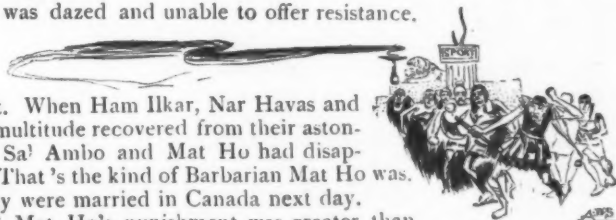
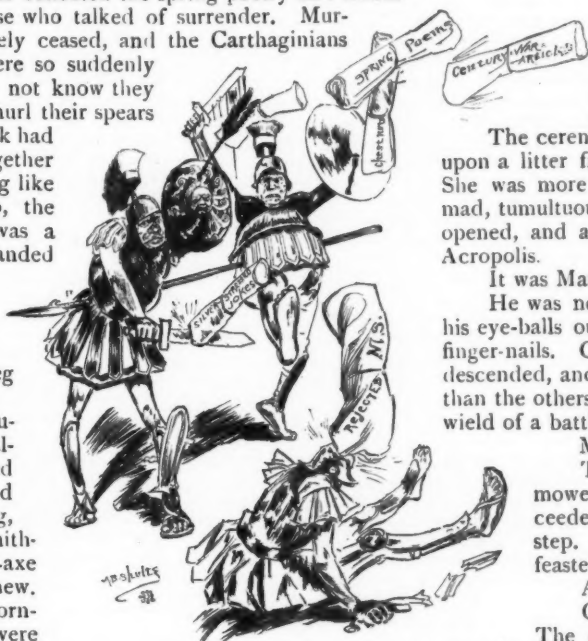
She was dazed and unable to offer resistance.

She went. When Ham Ilkar, Nar Havas and the vast multitude recovered from their astonishment, Sal Ambo and Mat Ho had disappeared. That's the kind of Barbarian Mat Ho was.

They were married in Canada next day.

And Mat Ho's punishment was greater than any the fiendish ingenuities of the Carthaginians could invent.

J. H. W.



A YOUNG LADY in this city, who is carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a young man, puts his letters in the family Bible so that her parents will never see them.

A SCHENECTADY GIRL who came down to see the Statue, remarked, as she shifted her gum: "Ain't it cunnin'?"

A MAN NAMED Hickok has invented a kerosene lamp-burner. His name has been frequently mentioned by late-home club-men while trying to light the hall-lamp.

ADAM'S LIFE must have been a happy one. He could go anywhere without having to take a street-car, and could walk block after block with no small boys, boxes of matches, and bone collar-buttons to stop his progress. Many of the gigantic strides made by the world since Adam's time are lamentable failures.

TAFT, THE noted restaurateur of Point Shirley, Boston harbor, is to retire. The hub brokers' clerks can now invite their girls to take a sail without a ten-dollar-a-plate shore-dinner staring them in the pocket-book.

"MME. THEO's presentation of 'Adam and Eve' at the Paris Vaudeville was a dead failure." Adam and Eve were, too, so far as morals are concerned.

WHEN YOU get a five-pounder on your hook, you wonder why, in the name of consistency, it was ever called a weak-fish.

THIS is the time of year when the Prohibition candidate for town constable breaks his wife's ribs for neglecting to put the hardening compound in the cider-barrel.

## HIS MIND WOULD N'T BE OCCUPIED.



MRS. RANGOON.—And so you really can't come to my conversation to-night?

MR. FEATHERSTONE.—Impossible, Mrs. Rangoon, owing to a prior engagement. But I shall think of you.

MRS. RANGOON.—Ah, then your mind won't be occupied with what you are doing?

MR. FEATHERSTONE.—No, not very much. I'm going to sit up with a dead friend.



THE GENERAL Manager of the Western Associated Press has just returned from Europe, where he has been collecting a special herd of Jersey cattle. Journalism is booming. A New York editor has just returned from Hoboken, via upper end of Hudson River, on account of his inability to pay a ferry-fare, and has been collecting hens on his way down.

A SUBURBAN PAPER announced before the election, that

James Tall, and  
Madge Van Rensselaer  
were candidates for Aldermen in the Eleventh Assembly District. Mr. James Tallmadge Van Rensselaer is looking for the editor, loaded with grape-shot.

JUDGE HOAR, whose son is running for the Massachusetts legislature, speaks of the gentleman as a rather small edition of his father. Self-assurance like this deserves a monument. If somebody will furnish the pedestal, Judge Hoar will step right up on it and save the expense of a sculptor.

TWO WOMEN in Rome, N. Y., have been playing highway robbers. They stood a man up on the road, but when he lighted a match, they both made off in a hurry. They probably forgot to comb out their bangs, and were ashamed to be seen.

THE LATEST sporting novelty in St. Louis is the gum-chewing contest. If this pastime is ever taken up by our universities, like base-ball and rowing, we will bet on Vassar for the inter-collegiate championship.

Owing to the pressure upon our advertising columns, PUCK this week contains  
Eighteen Pages.

## DANGEROUS DRUGS.

## How to Control Effectually All Such Horrible Habits.

Rochester, N. Y., Post-Express.

A gentleman who has spent the summer abroad, said to our reporter, that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad, and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said: "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."

Mr. H. H. Warner, who was present at the time, said: "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."

"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"

"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August and September, but this summer we have kept running day and night to supply the demand, which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."

"How do you account for this?"

"The increase has come from the universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations. We have been nearly ten years before the public, and the sales are constantly increasing, while our newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. Why, high scientific and medical authorities now concede that our Warner's safe cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases, and for all the many diseases caused by them."

"Have you evidence of this?"

"Abundance! Only a few weeks ago, Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc., habits, told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excessive use of all narcotics and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits can not be broken up! Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hall, M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the college of Physicians and Surgeons, and president of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known to schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's safe cure!"

"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"

"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs, a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs, and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and

liver by what Dr. Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug-eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."

"Well, does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of safe cure?"

"No, sir; for years I have tried to convince the public that nearly all the diseases of the human system originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, over ninety per cent. of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood, and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

"You really believe then, Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."

"The other day I was talking with Dr. Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eye-sight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure is what they need more than a pair of eye-glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body; with some it affects the eyes; with others the head; with others the stomach or the lungs, or rheumatic disorder follows and new algia tears them to pieces, or they lose the powers of taste, smell or become impotent in other functions of the body. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth at command?"

"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but symptoms; they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood, and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."

It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr. Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For, as Mr. Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

The Improved Hickok Calcium Burner is the best and cheapest lamp burner ever made. It gives a light equal to seven ordinary burners and will fit any lamp.



## A WISE CHILD.

MOTHER.—Laura, why do you quarrel with Willie? I thought you were playing keep house with him.  
LAURA.—Yes, mamma, I was, but he would not get me a cake of Sapolio, and I have my house-cleaning to do, and I won't play with him. He is not nice like papa is to you.

## THEFT OF REPUTATION.

Theft is not confined to stealing money. Indeed, that is the least common form of theft. Men who sell their cheap scouring soaps when they are asked for Sapolio (not unfrequently representing them to be the genuine article), steal our reputation, our honor, our good name, and not this only—they cheat their customers. Honest merchants, honest purchasers, an honest trade and the honest community should turn away from all such practices, and determine not to cheat or be cheated.

What is Sapolio? It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make all cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes, and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath tub, even the greasy kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapolio. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapolio.  
E. J. Morgan's Sons Co., N. Y.



Fred: ✧

✧ Brown's ✧

✧ Ginger.

For a  
Bad Stiff Neck.



Rub well with **FRED:**  
**BROWN'S GINGER** and wrap  
up the neck with flannel vest  
with **FRED: BROWN'S GIN-**  
**GER.** When you go to bed  
take a hot drink made of  
some very hot (boiling) water  
and a teaspoonful or two of  
**FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.**  
(Sweeten to suit your taste.)  
This advice followed will do  
much good. **TRY IT.**



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and  
Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the  
Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnastium. Takes up  
but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific,  
durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home  
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D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blake, author of "How  
to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any  
other I liked half as well."

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#### THE MAN FROM CHICAGO.

The man from Chicago went forth with a brag,  
And backed up his club with the last of his swag;  
Then gathered more pelf to put up on the team  
From the place where the three brazen balls ever gleam;  
Where he soaked his timepiece and his new overcoat  
In keeping his uncertain credit afloat.  
Like the wind on the lake when the winter is keen,  
The Chicagos went forward all verdant and green;  
Like a cannon fire-cracker on the Fourth of July,  
That club in the morning was chipper and "fly;"  
But like the same cracker on the fifth of July,  
That club in the evening was knocked high and dry;  
For the St. Louis boys spread their bats on the blast,  
And hammered the life out of the balls that they cast,  
Till they carried the day with their skill and their spunk,  
And walloped their foes with a staggering skunk;  
While the pride and the hope of the great windy town  
Was picked like a chicken and truly done Brown.  
Now the man from Chicago who staked his whole pile  
Parades the big city with never a smile;  
While down a back alley his fantasies float  
Where Isaac stands guard o'er his new overcoat.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MAGISTRATE.—You say you are a tourist?  
PRISONER.—Yes, sir. I love nature in all her  
radiant beauty.

MAGISTRATE (*ha. tily*).—Never mind that!  
How much money have you about your clothes?  
PRISONER.—Seventy-five cents.

MAGISTRATE (*severely*).—Then I shall commit  
you as a tramp. We draw the line between tour-  
ists and tramps at one dollar.—Philadelphia Call.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in  
his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple  
vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Con-  
sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung  
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility  
and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful  
curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make  
it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a  
desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all  
who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with  
full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by address-  
ing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers's  
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ranteed lower than any other house.

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Genuine Scotch Lamb's Wool.

PURE SILK in Winter Weights.

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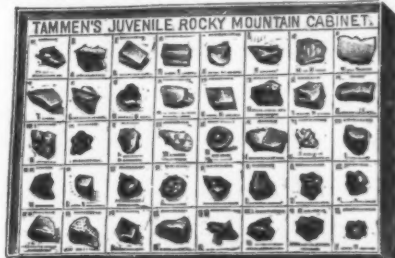
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To aid in this, and to afford abundant entertainment  
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This will afford a splendid op-  
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# Pears' Soap



**PEARS' SOAP** for the Skin and Complexion, produces Fair White Hands.—Soft Healthful Skin.—Bright Clear Complexion. Its agreeable Perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties commend it as the "GREATEST LUXURY OF THE TOILET." It imparts and maintains a soft velvety condition of the skin, and prevents Redness, Roughness, and Chapping.

It does n't lie in some people to get along with servants. They have no tact, no knack of managing. There is a great deal in managing a servant in such a way that the minion is n't aware of it. But some people don't know how to do this, and consequently, a servant that is a jewel in my well-regulated household is utterly useless in my neighbor's service. Now, not long ago, I had occasion to part with a colored man. I did n't want to cast him out upon the cold world, because I feared that if the world got too cold he would come back to me. So I unloaded him upon a neighbor. I never had a ripple of trouble with him. I had employed him ostensibly to groom a horse occasionally, and mow the lawn once or twice a year. I soon learned that he was running an African dormitory and a poker-layout in my stable, and the general appearance of my premises finally brought me letters from the American Missionary Union, asking permission to establish one of their Congo out-stations between my barn and the kitchen. This, as much as anything else, induced me to part with Albert. He shipped with me under the nom de plume of Albert Wilson, but I noticed that some of the natives called him "Lame Jake," and he requested me, in writing his letter of recommendation, to call him Thompson Easley. By-and-by, my neighbor said to me: "That man, Sam Norton, you sent me—did you ever have any trouble with him?" I said, "no, never." "Well," said my neighbor: "I can't get along with him. He won't do one thing I tell him, not a thing." "Oh, well," I said: "he tried that on me, too, when he first came, but I settled that in short order." "How did you manage?" asked my neighbor. "Well," I told him: "I quit telling him to do anything." And do you know, my neighbor was real angry with me, and abused me, and said I was a fool, and had deceived him? You see, he had no tact. That very night, Albert landed on my coast again. He confided to me that his real name was James Sinclair, and he brought with him his brother, whom he introduced as Walter Taylor. They took up their old quarters in the barn, and boarded with me for a week, before I was able to secure them places in the county work-house. They both left me with sincere regret, and Albert said, in parting, that any time I wanted him to come back, a letter addressed to Charles Martin would reach him. Albert was a saddle-colored pagan, but he was the richest man in names I ever worked for. —Robert F. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

He said: "My love, I am desperately sorry to disappoint you about the picnic to-morrow, but my fine trotter has a lame foot." "Is that all? Then you may count on going, for we've got a bottle of Salvani n Oil, that will cure him at once."

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E. K.'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Freely Resonate True Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Tis invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

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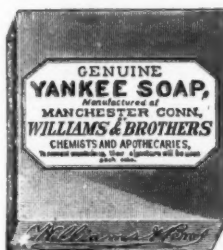
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How potent is this trait of the human mind. The Bible refers to it and says: "Were an angel to come down from heaven, ye would not believe." It is the cause of much injury. We are disposed to doubt the sincerity of our friends, and it often leads to misanthropy.

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Reader! If you have Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Torpid Liver, Bilious Colic, Jaundice, Constipation or Malaria, and hesitate to use Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills, write to him. He will furnish you with hundreds of certificates from reliable men and women. It will cost but a postage-stamp. The proprietor solicits the investigation of all who need a valuable medicine.

Use and you will believe in  
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CATALOGUE FREE

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MR. MILLIONAIRE.—Yes, it's just finished.

"Why do you have it cut up so with little back-alleys? Can't you get along without them?"

"No, indeed; the state might go Prohibition some day."

MR. WINKS.—Great Scott! There comes Jinks. He has a bill against me. Tell him I am out.

MRS. WINKS.—Well, I'll tell him you have just gone down-town to pay a bill.

"No, no. He'll know you're lying then. Tell him something he can believe."

"Well, I'll tell him you're on another spree, dear."

LITTLE NELLIE.—What does your papa do?

LITTLE DOT.—My papa is a horse doctor.

"I guess I better not play with you; I'm afraid you don't belong in our set."

"Why, what does your papa do?"

"My papa is a veterinary surgeon."

GREAT ACTRESS.—I see the heroine of your play starts as a street-beggar.

AUTHOR.—Yes, but—

"It is an excellent play throughout, and I will appear in it; but you must make a change in the first part."

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Dr. Loomis, formerly of No. 83 Fifth Ave., New York City, has removed to No. 54 West 23rd St. During the years 1884-85-86 thousands have used the batteries under his directions with marvelous results. The blind have been enabled to see, and the deaf to hear. People suffering with catarrh, in some cases between 30 and 40 years, also neuralgia, hay fever, asthma, nervous headache, colds, etc., etc., have been cured. Sufferers are requested to investigate; one treatment without charge. Catalogue sent upon application. Mention Puck.

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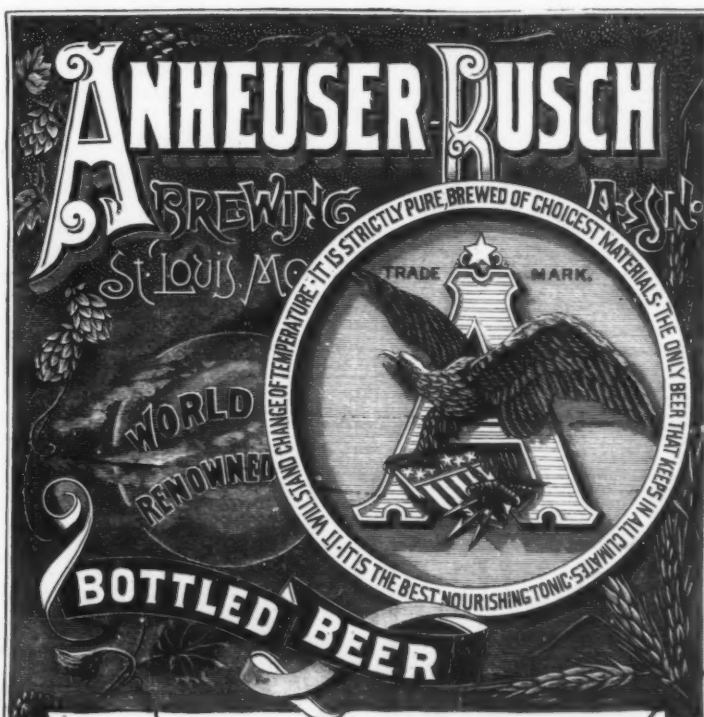


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STOMACH BITTERS,  
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To be had in Quarts and Pints.

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## PUCK.

KANDIKEW.

Did you ever sail in a dream-canoe,  
To the honey-comb reefs of Kandikew,  
The island built by aquatical bees  
Who carry their sweets down under the seas?  
The sands of the beach that shimmer and shine  
Are powdered sugar white and fine;  
While billows of syrup fall and rise  
O'er candy pebbles of every size.

There 's a perfume borne on every breeze  
From the fruit preserves on the orchard trees;  
There are limpid jellies in every lake,  
And hills and mountains of frosted cake;  
There are children here who roam at will,  
Free to forage and eat their fill,  
But they lack one thing of bliss complete—  
For they can not endure the taste of sweet!

So they sigh in vain for a sylvan shade  
With brooks and rivers of lemonade,  
And lakes of vinegar clear and strong,  
Where they 'd fish for pickles the whole day long.  
And ships come sailing from happier climes  
With crab-apples, cranberries, lemons, and limes,  
For these, I've heard, and 't is doubtless true,  
Are all they can eat in Kandikew.

—Eudora M. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas.

**Blair's Pills.**—Great English Colic and Rheumatic Remedy  
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

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Gives a light of 60 candle power, equal to seven common burners, and will fit any ordinary lamp. This burner has been much improved during the past year, and we can now guarantee it to be the best lamp burner in the world. It gives a larger light than any other burner and equal to four student lamps. As a reading light it has no equal. Once used becomes indispensable. Price, Burner and Chimney, \$1.25.

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

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"So you want my daughter," queried a Chicago capitalist as the young man finished his address and stood with folded arms.

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"Yes, sir, and she shall have all that heart can wish."

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OLD MR. BENTLY.—So I've heard.

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Sleeplessness,  
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This is no senseless PATENT MEDICINE. Contains no Opium or Chloral. It is a Nerve and Brain Food Tonic, and is the best Natural Tonic and Restorative known. Illustrated Treatise on Nervous Diseases, Exhaustion, Opium Habit, &c. sent FREE to any address. \$1.00 per Bottle.

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Advertisements or changes of Advertisements for all but last Advertisement page of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the last page are closed Thursday at 5 P. M.



## Scroll Sawyer.

On receipt of 15c., I will send, postpaid, the patterns of this three-shelf bracket, size 13x21, a large number of beautiful miniature designs for Scroll Sawing, and my 36-page illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Clock Movements, etc., or send 6c. for Catalogue alone. Bargains in **Pocket Knives**. Great inducements in way of Premiums.

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NO GARMENT CAN FIT WITH EASE AND COMFORT TO THE WEARER IF NOT PROPERLY BALANCED ON HIS FORM. OUR CUTTERS STAND AT THE FRONT OF THEIR PROFESSION, FITTING ALL GARMENTS TO PLEASE THE WEARER, AT THE SAME TIME AVOIDING THE COAT RISING ABOVE THE COLLAR, OR HIS TROUSERS RISING THREE OR FOUR INCHES ABOVE HIS SHOES WHEN IN A SITTING POSITION. EVERY GARMENT MADE BY US STANDS UPON ITS OWN MERIT.

THIS WEEK WE CALL ATTENTION TO A LARGE INVOICE OF JOHN TAYLOR'S, F. & H. MARIN'S, AND WALKER'S CASSIMERES, IN STRIPES, CHECKS AND PLAIDS; SUITS TO ORDER \$25.00, AND TROUSERS \$7.00.

ALL OUR DIFFERENT RANGES THROUGHOUT THE STORE ARE COMPLETE WITH THE LEADING NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON SUITS TO ORDER, \$16.00 AND UPWARD. TROUSERS, \$4.00 AND UPWARD.

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OUR GENUINE BURLINGTON AND ENDEDON KERSEYS, ALSO CHINCHILLAS AND ELYSIANS, SATIN-LINED TO BUTTONHOLE IF DESIRED, AND LYONS ALL-SILK VELVET COLLAR, TO ORDER, \$18.00.

WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO KEEP ALL OUR GARMENTS IN REPAIR FOR ONE YEAR, FREE OF CHARGE.

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These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

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1	150,000	450,000
2	20,000	60,000
3	10,000	30,000
4	5,000	15,000
5	2,000	6,000
6	1,000	3,000
7	500	1,500
8	250	750

Together 7,500 PREMIUMS, amounting to 2,187,500 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF DECEMBER,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of December, UNTIL 4 P. M. is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in by registered letters and enclosing \$1 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments.

For orders, circulars or any other information, address  
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160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
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N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English Post.



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CHORUS OF POLITICAL WRECKERS.—That confounded light-house has busted up the business!